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AND

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Macleod of Dunvegan.

A SCOTISH TALE.

WHOEVER has read Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, may recollect his almost rapturous surprise, upon exchanging the dark, dangerous and silent moor, for the hospitable, elegant and cheerful society of an insulated family in the Hebrides, where the song, the dance, and festive sports conveyed an idea of a somewhat approximating to inchantment. But this was nothing unsual; and in the House of Dunvegan, for ages prior to our times, it was not only customary, but absolutely indispensable with still more ancient usages, to close the day in a similar manner; and the descendant of Macrimmon preserved his heraditary right to entertain the sprightly set with his loudest notes.

It was after the close of a boisterous day in October that Hugh Macleod enjoyed, with uncommon glee, the cheerful dance, and sportive hilarity of his numerous dependants, and beheld with an indescribable sensation, the intended heir to his long-contested domain bound, with almost etherial alertness, from the earthen floor, while he turned his sisters in a well-danced reel, or mixed with the rural companions of his youth. Thus passed some part of a tempestuous night: the wind moaned along the wide passages that led to a door which opened towards the sea, and joined with the turbulent waves to produce a solemn contrast to the voice of hilarity that sounded from the spacious hall.

During an interval of the joyous confusion Hugh Macleod, who sat near a window which commanded an extensive land prospect, started suddenly from his seat, and opening the casement, was observed to listen with a degree of anxiety inexplicable to all but his son Archibald; to him some anecdotes of Hugh's character had been unfolded:—he trembled—and sat as it were in horrible expectation of some impending evil. His father, who had turned a moment towards the company, cast a suspicious look upon young Macleod; and, as he closed the casement, abruptly exclaimed—"There is no need—No; 'tis nothing but the wind—Another traspey,* Macrimmon, and then to bed." But the hiliarity of the joyous circle was broken—Archibald sat pensively inattentive—his sisters caught the malady—and Macrimmon with the peasants retired.

"The storm continues in full force, observed the youthful laird, as he re-entered the hall. "And my father—" cried Margaret.—"What of your father?"—"Nay, nothing—only he followed the stranger, who told him a——" Archibald would not permit his sister to finish her information, but flew to the marine door time enough to hear the dashing of oars, as a boat, which he could scarcely discern, receded from the steps, and in an agony of terror he again rejoined his sisters, to whom he communicated his opinion that their parent was for ever lost to them.——"That stranger, Margaret!—from whence came he—what was his business?"

"Of that we know no more," replied Isabel, "than yourself. The moment you left us, he appeared at the great door; and walking up to my father, desired him to hear a few words in private. They then withdrew together."

"Mysterious wonder!" cried the distressed youth; and then closing his hands, sat in a stupid inattention to all that was said. To a graceful person, agile limbs, and prepossessing countenance Archibald Macleod was indebted for the admiration they excited; while those who knew him well, honoured his intrepid spirit, and loved him for the sweetness of a disposition, that meliorated the warmth of his temper.

The feuds, which had arisen to a dangerous height between the clans of Macdonald and Macleod, were not extinguished when Archibald's extreme youth permitted not the gratification his ardent spirit was eager to attain; but he was by no means a silent observer. In a recent excursions to Macdonald's domains he had accompanied his father, had evidenced the generous forbearance of that warlike chief—and had *seen* his daughter. To *see* Ellen Macdonald, and *not* to love, was inimical to the feelings of our young Caledonian; and, deceived by the apparent reconciliation of the clans, he ventured to speak of love to Macdonald.

Pleased to cement an union by means so honourable, the laird permitted his address, and Ellen listened to a confession that delicacy itself need not shrink from. For many months the delighted couple enjoyed every advantage their situation could claim. Did Archibald face the keen morning air in pursuit of game—Ellen defied its sharpest breezes, that heightened the pure cold-colour of blooming youth; and mounted on her little galloway, or hanging on her companion's arm, would climb the mountaneous steep—tread lightly over the dangerous morass—and, preceded by her conductor, trace a safe path over the perilous Bo.

Unwilling, for reasons *he* deemed prudent, to express any reluctance in his manner at an event so endearing to his son and heir, Hugh Macleod gave a tacit con-

* Name of a Scottish tune.

sent to what he could not then prevent; and while concealed revenge and unsatiated malice were contriving the most horrible plan, a smile of paternal love ever seemed to authorise Archibald's intention of confirming his own happiness, and his father's peace.—Thus lulled into perfect security, and looking forward to the completion of plans, formed upon the supposed basis of a permanent reconciliation, the deluded pair beheld not the cloud that was ready, impelled by a father's hand, to destroy the fair prospect on which they dwelt with ardent hope.

Slowly, and not without an unwilling credence to facts incontrovertible, Archibald at last perceived in the alteration of his father's manners, a renewal of his former detestation of Macdonald's clan. His behaviour to Ellen was cold; his hints of the misery such a marriage would produce were frequent; his aspect became clouded with a malignity that augured the destruction of young Macleod's hopes; and these predicting symptoms were soon followed by the disclosure of a dreadful plot.

Archibald listened to the communications with an attention so deep, that the wretched fabricator inwardly triumphed in the hope of success; but when he insinuated that the deprivation of Ellen by no means followed the destruction of her father, and that, by an act of violence she was to be torn from her honoured home, and disgraced with the distinction of the young Caledonian's temporary favourite, his countenance changed, his eyes beamed fire; and while suffering under the idea of the pure, the virtuous Ellen's intended dishonour, he madly aimed a stroke at his astonished parent, the power of which acted electrically on both parties. Archibald struck his forehead, grasped the knees of his offended father, and imprecated curses on his parricidal fury, that could for a moment forget all reverence for the object of it.

Hugh Macleod soon recovered to a sense of his degradation, and rising without noticing the increasing agonies of his unhappy son, left the room with this implicated menace——"For this blow—I am your debtor!"

The unhappy youth, unmindful of those consequences such an intimation must produce, immediately hastened to Macdonald's, and in the bitterness of self-accusation, related to Ellen the attrocity of his conduct, the motive for which soon became the subject of discussion. Ellen's spirit, commendably haughty, revolted at the continuance of a correspondence so degrading; and, to add to her lover's distress, she insisted upon a discontinuance of his visits till Macleod should make such concessions as might prove the sincerity of his repentance. Archibald could not impeach the justice of her sentiments, but he appealed to her affection. Ellen was inexorable, and would concede no farther; though had she known the horrible intentions of Hugh, her sentence would have been that of a final rejection.

Thus deprived of the society his soul loved, and smarting under the inflictions of an accusing conscience, Archibald no longer bounded along the barren heath, or climbed the almost impassible rocks. Silent and solitary, he would lean for hours over the rushing torrent, or steal through the deep glen; and when evening prevented these favourite occupations, retire to his chamber to shun the father against whom he had lifted his hand—but from a motive hereafter to be explained.

Hugh Macleod suddenly waved every expression of resentment, sought the humiliated Archibald, and accepted, with apparent sincerity the fervent submission of his son. Once again, then, our hero encouraged the sweet hope of revisiting his Ellen; for even Ellen had been spoken of with respect. The buoyant spirit, which nothing less than his late sorrows could repress, again animated every feature, gave elasticity to his limbs, and new vigour in the sprightly dance. Margaret and Isabel partook of his transports, and Macrimmon could scarcely keep time with his airy movements.

The ardent delight expressed by Macleod at the happy termination of a difference which had produced such striking effusions of genuine repentance in his son, added to that young man's recovered felicity; but it only served to strengthen his anguish on the evening of his father's mysterious absence. All that had recurred respecting former feuds—all that he dreaded from Macdonald's supposed knowledge (for he now imagined it was known) of Macleod's base intentions—crouded to his mind, and gave the colour of insanity to his words and actions. The stupor of grief subsided; he arose, and again descended to the water, over which a thick haze prevented any useful effect from the rising dawn; when, looking up, the ruins of a castle contiguous to Dunvegan House met his eye. It was of unknown antiquity, and dreaded by the peasants on account of an ominous tradition. Archibald, as it frowned over the cliff beneath which he stood, fancied that he heard, in the intermission of the sounding surges, interrupted groans, and half-stifled shrieks——"My father!" exclaimed the impetuous Caledonian, "art thou not suffering within those walls?" The thought was distraction! He bounded up some rugged steps which led through the cliff, and following the sounds that again returned upon his ear, penetrated the dismal recesses of a desolated edifice, which had hitherto been shunned even by those whose superior understanding weakly yielded to hereditary traditions, and superstitious legends; but to the impression of a fancy undepressed by real evils, Archibald could give no credence. The noises he had heard, and which now seemed to issue from a part of the castle not yet unroofed, while they tortured his feelings, conveyed no certainty respecting their origin; and after eagerly examining those parts nearest to the cause of his agitation, he paused in painful, almost hopeless, expectation of the discovery he aimed at.

During these agonizing moments of suspense his eager eye was caught by some rugged steps leading towards the dungeon, or keep of the castle. To descend to impalpable darkness was the excess of temerity; but while he deliberated on the possibility of traversing the gloomy vaults below, an exclamation of anguish, extremely near, invigorated his desponding resolution, and he darted towards an iron gate which inclosed a back stair-case: this he rapidly ascended, and entered a small room lighted only by one window, thro' which a sun-beam streamed upon a couch let into the opposite wall, where, fastened by a heavy chain, lay extended the dear, lamented form of—Ellen Macdonald!!

(To be concluded next week.)

THE VESTAL:

A Fragment of History extracted from a Latin Manuscript, found by the French in the Library of a Convent in Italy.

EVERY body knows that the Vestals were virgins devoted to the worship of the Goddess Vesta, and charged particularly with the care of keeping alive the sacred fire which burned before her altars; they watched it night and day: the safety of Rome depended upon the duration or the extinction of this fire. The Vestals were punished severely for the slightest faults, and history furnishes numerous examples of these virgins being buried alive: but the greatest crime which they could commit, would be that of suffering the sacred flame to expire. There never was more than one at a time of these virgins in the temple at night.

It is here the Latin manusprict commences. "At length the turn of Pompeia arrived. It was the very day on which the news arrived at Rome of the loss of the battle of Cannæ, and of the death of one of the consuls. The people thought they already saw Hannibal and his Carthagenians upon the ramparts, and the terror had penetrated into the very temple.

"The Pontiff at night conducted the Vestal thither, and, after having locked all the exterior gates, retired with the keys. Pompeia poured out a short prayer at the feet of the statue of Vesta, and then seated herself upon a purple cushion in the sanctuary, a few steps from the sacred fire. All her attention was at first engrossed with the object the care of which was entrusted to her. But the solitude around her, the mournful silence which reigned in the temple, and the feeble light afforded by a lamp which was suspended from the dome of the sanctuary, made her drowsy, and she at length fell into a profound sleep. In this state she remained a considerable time. In the mean while, the sacred fire began to die away insensibly, and was almost extinguished, when fortunately she awoke. She raised herself precipitately, and ran all in terror to the door of the place which contained the proper aliment for nourishing the sacred fire; but she had scarcely reached it, when the door suddenly disappeared, and she perceived nothing but one continued uniform wall. She was much surprized at this event, but, suddenly conceiving that she might have made a mistake, she turned about her head, and perceived, in fact, the door on the other side of the temple. She ran violently to open it, but in vain; the same prodigy again struck her eyes. She then became pale, as if she were ready to expire; a cold sweat bedewed her limbs. She threw herself at the feet of the Goddess, and offered up this prayer from her inmost heart.—"Oh! powerful Goddess! oh! mother of the Gods! save my country! save me!—Without you, there is an end of Rome. Save it, and punish me: oh! that these arches would fall, and crush me to instant death!" She thought her prayers were heard: the arches shook, and a confused noise rose behind her: but it was a new surprise which she was doomed to experience.

"It was the custom to place in the temple the statues of some of the Vestals of the most exalted birth, or most distinguished far their zeal in the worship of the Goddess. These statues are of white marble, and ranged at equal distances from each other, between the columns which supported the edifice. They all seemed animated at the same moment; with their faces concealed in long black veils, and some of them seemed stained with blood, they advanced slowly in procession, one after another, to the remotest part of the sanctuary; prostrated themselves, and pierced the wall, without leaving a trace of the aperture through which they vanished.

"Notwithstanding the horror of this sight, the Vestal had still strength enough to approach the sacred vase. She removed the superincumbent ashes, and perceived at the bottom of the vase some vestiges of the fire not yet quite extinguished. She endeavoured to rekindle it with shreds torn from her robe, but all her efforts only served to put it out the sooner.

"Thus deprived of all hope and resource, Pompeia abandoned herself to despair. She wandered through the temple, her hands raised towards heaven: at length, overcome with grief, she retired towards the remotest part of the temple, where she shed a torrent of tears. In this situation she awaited the return of day-light.

"Scarcely did it begin to appear when the Pontiff was heard in the vestibule. He entered the temple, and was at first surprised at not seeing the Vestal; but when he approached the sacred vase, and perceived that the sacred fire was extinguished, the paleness of death spread itself over his countenance. Clasping his hands, he raised them up to heaven, without uttering a word; retired with precipitation, and carefully closed the gate. I shall not attempt to describe what passed at that moment in the breast of the Vestal. She did not long remain in her state of dreadful suspence and expectation. On a sudden, all the gates of the temple were opened, and a tumultuous crowd of both sexes eagerly rushed in, and filled it. Pompeia presented herself with surprising firmness. They took her by the arms, and dragged her out of the temple to conduct her to the place of punishment. She crossed several streets before she arrived at it, and every where observed the most frightful scenes; the old men, the women, and children, running through the city, not knowing whither they were going, or what to do: at length she arrived at the foot of the capitol.

"Here there was a cave, vast and profound, the mouth of which, at a depth of twenty feet below the surface of the ground, was covered immediately with a huge stone, with the earth then heaped over it. It was in this cave that the offending Vestals were buried alive, and it was already open before Pompeia arrived. The Pontiff, in his robes, was seated at a small distance in his ivory car, and the people ranged around him. Hitherto Pompeia had not spoken a single word: but when she perceived the place of her punishment, the cords, the pitcher of water, and the piece of bread, which were to be shut up with her, she uttered the most frightful shrieks, and, throwing herself at the feet of the Pontiff, she embraced them with transport, and poured out a deluge of tears. This sudden effort seemed to move the minister of the altars; but soon resuming his resolution, he chid the Vestal in the name of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the other Gods of Rome. They then stripped off part of her clothes, and in spite of her feeble efforts, let her down into the cavern, the aperture of which was filled up again, and covered with earth. This work finished, the people withdrew into the temple.

Pompeia remained some time in the cave unconscious of her situation, for as soon as she saw the aperture closed upon her, she fainted away. At length she came to herself, and her first care was how she might put an end to her sufferings by a speedy death. She took the lamp that was shut up with her, more from a motive of cruelty than compassion, and drew near to the wall; but the humidity of the air had already diminished the feeble light which it afforded, and the motion of the Vestal completely extinguished it, leaving her in profound darkness. A rumbling noise was heard at a distance, a stone fell, and in its descent displaced several others. The Vestal arose, and perceived, by the light of a torch which pierced across two decayed and rudely-connected chambers, a tall woman clothed in white, her face covered with a long veil; her body was bent; she held a torch in her left hand, and her step, slow and tottering, announced a person very far advanced in years. This woman took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, and conducted her over the ruins through the place from which she had descended: they proceeded about an hundred paces in a passage so narrow and low, that Pompeia, though not above middle size, was obliged to stoop more than half her height, to enable her to advance. "Fear nothing," said the old woman to Pompeia, "you are safe." After a tedious course, they found themselves in a forest, where Vesta appeared to them nearly such as her statue represented her in the temple: she was accompanied by two horrible females, with their hair twisted of serpents, and their hands armed with whips, as the furies

are painted. "Silly virgin!" exclaimed the Goddess, "could you expect to be able to escape me?" Immediately one of the frightful attendants approached the old woman, seized her by the arm, tore off the veil which covered her face, and Pompeia beheld her mother Plautia. The Vestal made an effort to throw herself into her mother's arms, but, in an instant, Plautia and the two furies sunk into the earth, and the whole scene vanished from her sight: Pompeia remained alone. After having wandered a considerable time, she thought she recognized across the gloom of the temple of Vesta, the very temple which was the cause of her melancholy fate. "Ah! Gods!" exclaimed she, "am I to prepare again for new torments? At that very moment the lamp which served to give light in the temple, fell, and awoke the Vestal, who saw the statues in their proper places, the sacred fire burning in full vigour and activity, and found that all the sufferings she had endured were but a dream. She prostrated herself at the feet of the Goddess, thanked her for the caution which she had given her, and promised sincerely never to fall asleep again in her temple."

OF MODESTY AND JUSTICE.

THERE is a law, mentioned by Plato, which Jupiter is said to have enacted in his own name: "That, if any man appeared, plainly, to be incapable of modesty, or justice, he should be immediately knocked o' the head as a common pestilence." The account Plato gives of it is as follows:—viz.

He is describing the first state of human society; how mankind built towns to defend themselves from beasts; and how, in a more brutal manner, they afterwards fell upon one another: and, at last, he says, "Jupiter, justly fearing that the whole tribe of mankind would be destroyed, ordered Mercury to go to them, and to carry along with him Modesty and Justice, as the best support and ornament of their new built cities, and the firmest bond of their own mutual friendship. Mercury, upon the occasion, asked Jupiter in what manner he should bestow justice and modesty upon mankind?—Whether, said he, as the arts are divided, shall I also divide these virtues, which are, indeed, of two kinds; and shall I give to some men one, to some the other, as we see, by experience, that one skilful physician is sufficient for a great many of the ignorant, and so of other arts and professions? or, shall I so divide them among the whole race of mankind, as tha every person may have a share in them?—Divide them in that manner, says Jupiter, and let all mankind be partakers of them: for, if these virtues were only conveyed to a few, as the arts and sciences are given, it would be impossible for any cities to subsist; therefore, I would have you go farther, and establish a law in my name, that, whoever cannot be made to partake of modesty and justice, shall be destroyed as a plague to the republic."

The application of this most excellent fable is, that it would be much more commendable in all persons to have the modesty of leaving the administration of justice to those to whom it peculiarly belongs, and to mind only their own business.

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE IN BENGAL.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. CAREY, *(a missioner to that Country, from the London Missionary Society,) to his Friends in England.*

SERAMPORE, NOV. 23, 1801.

"My numerous engagements will not permit, or I should be happy to write to you, and other friends in England, more frequently than hitherto: but my time is so occupied, that I have scarcely any leisure for correspondence. Besides the regular work of the mission, preaching alternately to the natives and to Europeans, visiting our little flock, attending to my share of domestic concerns, transcribing the Bengalle Bible for the press, and revising the proof-sheets: I have for some time been engaged in delivering two lectures in the Shanscrit, and two in the Bengalle Language every week: have written a Bengalle Grammar, am now preparing for the press a Grammar of the Shanscrit, which on account of the extreme copiousness and irregularity of the language, will not be contained in much less than 400 pages; and have also in contemplation a Shanscrit Dictionary, which I hope to see completed, if my life be spared. These things so engage my attention, that I am obliged sometimes to trespass on the hours of sleep; and I have mentioned them to you in the hope of offering a sufficient apology for the brevity of my lettters." *N.Y. Mis. Mag.*

By a subsequent part of Mr. Carey's letter, it appears that the Old Testament scriptures were nearly printed, and that the translation of both the Old and New-Testament was completed.

EASTERN LUXURIES.

OF all the barbers in the world, the Gentoos and Malabars handle a razor the best. Their delicate hands run imperceptibly over the face; and before one thinks they have begun, the operation is completed, which, in so sultry a climate, must be repeated every day. To this succeeds a luxury which is not to be found in other countries; but which, under the hands of these Indians, may be termed a real pleasure. This arises from paring of the nails of both fingers and toes, picking the ears, and cracking the joints. For the first of these they use a small neat chissel, with which they slice off the nails in the neatest manner. They then pick the ears with a silver pin, beginning to tickle them very gently, and by degrees inducing a perfect ecstacy from the pleasures which they excite. This is preceded by the cracking of the joints, which displays more art than any of the rest. The operator first seizes the person by the ears, and giving a sudden twist to the neck, makes it crack in a manner sufficient to frighten a stranger: he thence descends in regular order, to every joint in the body and limbs; making each of them crack as he goes along, finishing at the great toe. This greatly refreshes a person after walking, or any exercise of fatigue.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN the last number of your Repository, the singularly curious exhibition of Old Conti took my attention.—If the author is in earnest, I would refer him for an answer to the article itself—If I understand his intention, it is to prove that "that the 4th year of the 19th century is commenced." He acknowledges that the 19th mile is not commenced until he has travelled to the end of the 18th; how then can the 4th year have commenced, before we have reached the end of the third?

HONESTUS.

Turkish mode of preserving BUTTER *from becoming rancid.*

THE butter which is mostly used in Constantinople, comes from the Crim and Cuban. They do not salt it, but melt it in large copper pans, over a slow fire, and skim off what rises. It will then preserve sweet for a long time, if the butter was fresh when it was first salted. It will keep for more than two years good and fine tasted.

[The following beautiful ALLUSION is extracted from a very scarce book, entitled "TRUTH IN A MASK." It not only contains the history of past times, but may, with great propriety, be applied to the present state of religious society; and will be found both amusing and instructive. Should any, however, think the covering under which TRUTH is here hid, too thick for common observation to penetrate, he is at liberty to unmask the *fair maid;* she never yet blushed to see the light, and only puts on a veil more effectually to find her way to the heart. If the present *Allusion* meets with a favorable reception, further extracts will be given from the same work.]

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Truth in a Mask.

ALLUSION I.

THIS world we live on is a new thing in the universe, and but of late creation. The inhabitants of our neighbouring planets, have scarcely yet got over their wonder at the strange revolution that happened in our system about six thousand years ago, when there was room made for this, by the departure of an old world, that revolved in the same orbit which we now describe about the sun. This predecessor of our earth had a moon or satellite, of a magnitude much more considerable than ours, which, in like manner, reflected a borrowed and changeable light upon its inhabitants. It happened that a comet of unusual size came within the orbit of the old world, and approached so near it, as to absorb its moon in her perigee or greatest approximation to the primary planet, by which its attractive force became so powerful, that it drew in that also, being then in its aphelium or greatest distance from the sun, and carried both away with it from the center of our system, into those cold and dark regions that lie between the orbit of *Saturn* and the fixed stars. There (whether it was that the attraction of the comet decreased with its heat, or from whatever cause is not known) they were again disengaged from it, and left so equally suspended between the attractions of the surrounding systems, that they have remained ever since in the same point of the heavens, fixed and immoveable. The inhabitants of this old world must have been of a nature very different from ours, or they had all perished long ago at such a distance from the source of light and heat, supposing it possible for them to have survived the fiery embraces of the comet. Many and unspeakable were the miseries that attended this melancholy situation into which they fell. They endeavoured to relieve themselves from the cold by fires, and from the darkness, by tapers made of the most combustible kinds of wood that could be found. These we may be sure, supplied the absence and answered the ends of a sun but very imperfectly. It required so great and continual a labour to prepare and feed them, that few could provide themselves with them; and even to these they afforded such a niggardly degree of heat and light, with such glimmering and contracted views of things, that had there not been an absolute necessity for some such expedient, they had been entirely laid aside.

After several ages spent in this uncomfortable state of cold and darkness, there arose one, who from the extraordinary degree of wisdom and power with which he was endued, seemed to be sent by the author of nature, for the relief of the *Pyrandrians*, (for so are the inhabitants of the old world called from their bearing torches) and to remedy, as much as the nature of things would admit of, the miseries of living at such an immense distance from any sun. This extraordinary person, who was wonderfully skilled in the secrets of nature, took a great deal of pains to teach them the art of making a kind of portable lamps, which inspired those who bore them with a kindly and agreeable warmth, and diffused such a plentiful light about them, that they could see clearly all round, and particularly, if they held them right, to a prodigious distance before them. The *Pyrandrians* expressed a world of gratitude to their benefactor for the admirable and useful invention; they erected temples to him after his departure; and wrote the history of his life and transactions in terms full of respect, in which they dwelt copiously on the rules and precepts that he gave them, about the method of making and managing their lamps. This book was kept at the public expence, with infinite care and exactness; and that the art contained in it might be rendered universally beneficial, copies of it were taken by as many as desired them, which certain officers, appointed for that purpose, took care to correct faithfully and scrupulously by the original. There was one thing in the art of preparing these lamps, which made it necessary for the *Pyrandrians* to erect themselves into particular societies or corporations, and have frequent meetings; and it was founded on this observation in natural philosophy, that fire is preserved by the union, and extinguished by the separation of that combustible matter on which it subsists. When therefore a new lamp was to be lighted up, or one that had been extinguished to be re-kindled, or such as were declining in warmth or lustre wanted to be renewed, the method was to call an assembly, where every one was to repair with his lamp trimmed. When they were met, all the tapers were set together, and not only the dark one took fire, but all the rest were observed to coalesce and return from these meetings with fresh brightness and vigour.

As the precepts, on which this art was founded, lay scattered here and there thro' the history of its author, it required some judgment to put them together; and the unskillful sometimes mistook in preparing their lamps, so that while one could not get his composition to take fire at all, another had mixed his so unhappily, that it blew up the whole assembly that came together to kindle it. To remedy these inconveniences, and prevent the contempt into which the art by this means might fall, the most noted for skill and success in making lamps, and for the extraordinary brightness of their own, met and made an abstract of the rules in which the whole art was contained. This they published for common use, and it was found by the experience of many ages to be of excellent effect in directing the judgments of the *Pyrandrians*, so various in themselves, to the one great point intended by the author, *viz.* the making a good lamp.

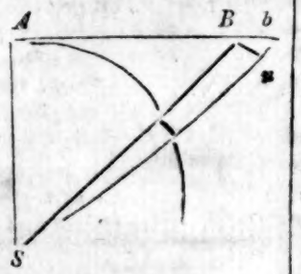
Although the benefit of these lamps, and the certainty with which, by the help of the abstract, they were prepared, was too manifest to be denied, yet there wanted not those, who not only spoke contemptuously of the author, but endeavoured to oppose the progress of the invention. It cannot rationally be supposed that they had any other motive for so doing, than the fear of having their lives, which they say, were none of the best, exposed by the light: But altho' this was the sole motive of all who opposed the art, yet they shewed their opposition in different ways, some openly endeavoured to blow out the lamps, but were mortified to find, that by so doing, they only dispersed the snuff and ashes; insomuch, that they burnt with double briskness and lustre. Others tried to depreciate them, by making lamps of their own invention, which they pretended answered the end much better; but the contrary was manifest, for they were soon discovered to be only the old wooden torches, a little better dried than formerly by the heat of the true lamps.

There were a third kind, more artful than the former, who pretended to be true *Pyrandrians*, and with a sort of counterfeit lamps, which for an hour or two burnt extremely like the right ones, entered into their assemblies, and there in a kind of plausible harangues, laboured to dissuade the *Pyrandrians*, from the use of the abstract.

This they did to make way for the opposition they intended against the history itself, but covered their design under the highest encomiums on the excellence of the lamp, the wisdom of the invention, and the goodness of the author. It is true, at first they made a new abstract of their own, which took prodigiously for some time: for the inhabitants of the old *Pyrandrian* world were, like ours, and all other planetary people, extremely fond of novelty and change. But it was not long ere this abstract fell into contempt upon comparing it with the original history, and finding it widely different from that, and very defective in practice. The pretended *Pyrandrians* finding this artifice detected, with an assurance peculiar to their sect, set themselves to rail at all abstracts, denying their own, and condemning that and the old one, as equally spurious and pernicious. They insisted that seeing the invention, as it lay in the antient history, was both perfect and intelligible, all abstracts or explanations must be either vain or prejudicial; that, if the author had thought otherwise, he had furnished the Pyrandrians with such of his own contrivance, and not left his art to be mangled, under a notion of mending it, by bunglers and pretenders; and that there was just cause of fear, lest in process of time, the history should be quite laid aside, the abstract only used, and by that means the art in a long succession of ages be entirely lost. Although the true Pyrandrians declared they laid no other stress on the abstract, but as it was authorized by a strict conformity with the history, as it gave an entire and concise view of the necessary ingredients in a good lamp, and as the expedient had been found eminently serviceable in so entirely removing those inconveniences mentioned before, that proceeded from a lax, unguarded and undirected perusal of the history, that they were now generally forgot; although they referred every one to the history, and took all possible pains to preserve it genuine, and in full authority; yet those who opposed the abstract went on, and with a world of popular sophistry and declamation pursued this first necessary step to that primitive darkness, which their real principles and secret practices required. They used so much art and caution, that they, at first, made many proselytes to their way of thinking, whom they afterwards further initiated into their dark designs, as they found means to wean them from the love of light, and possess them with a fondness for such absurd and abominable practices, as could not bear the lamp. *(Allusion I. to be concluded next week.)*

Answer to Pililudus's *Question, in page* 31.

LET S represent the centre of the earth; and AB, touching the surface in the point A, the right line in which the body is projected; and taking any point B, therein, for a temporary position of the body, join BS; and draw bS indefinitely near BS; and also, from B, let



fall the perpendicular Bn on Sb. Put the earth's semi-diameter, $AS=a$; $SB=x$, and $2b=$the force of gravity at A, in direction AS. Then, since the force of gravity is inversely as the square of the distance from the centre, it will be, as $x^2 : 2b :: a^2 : \frac{2ba^2}{x^2}$, the force at B in direction BS: and by the resolution of forces, as $x : \frac{2ba^2}{x^2} :: \sqrt{x^2-a^2}\ (=AB) : \frac{2ba^2\sqrt{x^2-a^2}}{x^3}=$ the force at B, in direction BA, or that by which the body's motion is retarded. And per similar triangles, as $\sqrt{x^2-a^2} : \dot{x}\,(bn) :: \dot{x} : \frac{\dot{x}\dot{x}}{\sqrt{x^2-a^2}}=Bb$, or the fluxion of the distance gone over. Let c represent the given velocity with which the body is projected from A; and v the velocity in the point B; then, since the velocity drawn into its fluxion, is, universally equal the force drawn into the fluxion of the distance; by ordering the above values, we have $-v\dot{v}=\frac{2ba^2\dot{x}}{x^2}$; and by taking the fluents on both sides, we get $\frac{v^2}{2}=-\frac{2ba^2}{3x}$. Now to correct our fluents, let $v=c$; then it is evident that x will $=a$; therefore the fluent corrected will be $\frac{c^2}{2}-\frac{v^2}{2}=\frac{2ba}{3}-\frac{2ba^2}{3x}$, and when $v=0$, (which will be the case, when all the motion is destroyed,) x will be $=\frac{4ba^2}{4ba-3c^2}$; hence $AB\ (=\sqrt{x^2-a^2},)$ or the distance gone over, will be known.

Cor. 1. If $4ba-3c^2=0$; or $c=2\sqrt{\frac{ba}{3}}$, its evident that x and $\sqrt{x^2-a^2}$, will both be infinite: therefore if the projectile velocity be equal to, or greater than $2\sqrt{\frac{ba}{3}}$, per second, the body will proceed *ad infinitum*.

Cor. 2. If $2b$ be taken $=32\frac{1}{6}$ and $a=21040890$ feet; then will $2\sqrt{\frac{ab}{3}}=4$ Eng. miles: and it is found by a different process* that if a body were thrown right upward with the velocity of 7 miles per second, it would ascend *ad infinitum:* Hence the whole effect of gravity in the one case, is to its effect in the other, as 4 to 7.

SCIOLUS,
Alias PILILUDUS.

* Vid. Saunderson's Fluxions, page 64.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

If all the *primary planets* in the solar system were conglobed, what would be the diameter in English miles, of such a spherical mass? and what ratio would its magnitude bear to that of the sun?

PHILANDER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I Have for a considerable time baffled myself in trying to comprehend Aristotle's definition on time; but all to no purpose. Should any of your more learned correspondents take this task in hand, their sentiments on the subject in any future paper will oblige

IGNORAMUS.

P. S. Aristotle's words are "*Time is the act of a being in power as far as it is in power.*"

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Rwys bcunydd yn rhoise'n i r byd,
Agado i mynd y n fy du,
A'r poer a'i achos, fal y saeth,
Or hunan caeth yn tysu.

A Translation is requested by Philophantus.

WHIMSICAL MISTAKE.

In an English medical book, the author says, he cured a soldier of a violent scurvy, by prescribing two quarts of the *Dog and Duck** water, to be drank every day after dinner. In a translation of this book given by a French physician, this remedy is specified to be two quarts of *broth*, made of a *duck* and a *dog!*

* The Dog and Duck tavern is a noted place of amusement in the environs of London, where there are a number of pleasure gardens, abounding with fish-ponds, cascades of water, &c.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A Poetical address to *Old Conti*, on his singular production in the last number of the Repository.

"*Six Almanacs hung on a chair,*"
New wonders to the world declare!

MOST venerable Sire!
I really do admire
That vehement desire,
Which still doth thee inspire,
To prove to us what none can doubt,
If thou can'st clearly make it out.

'Tis wonderful indeed!
And if thou dost succeed,
To make mankind agreed,
On this new fangled creed,—
Then vast indeed's thy magic pow'r,
To prove to us that *three* is *four!*

As yet "the art of man,"
(Deny it ye who can)
Such wonder ne'er did plan,
So vast it was to scan:
To wit, "the *fourth* year is begun,"
Before the *third* its race has run!

But let us "start from O,"
"A cypher," 'tis we know,
Then reckon as we go,
Whither 'tis quick or slow;
Nor stop upon the road to rest,
Tho' with fatigue and heat opprest,

Until we "land at *one*;"
This being rightly done,
"The clock strikes 12," anon!
"So many hours are gone;"
But how is it that we so soon,
Skip from the hour of 1, to noon?

What then, will still remain?
Why we must start again,
And trip it o'er the plain,
'Till "Eighteen miles," we gain:
"How many miles" then, pray make known,
Are we from famous Bristol town?

"Be honest now I pray,"—
"*One inch*" more on the way,
And if we there shou'd stay,
Will any dare to say,
"The Nineteenth mile is not begun,"
Tho' we another step don't run?

But pray *Friend Conti*: how?
I hope you'll deign to show,
That when we start from O,
And one mile forward go,
We then have trip it two!
For so it needs must be,
If ere we've travell'd three,

The fourth we do commence....
This baffles

COMMON SENSE.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO "T. W."

THE piece of poetry to which you alluded in the Repository of last week, is original. I wrote it for the occasion, to which you also alluded. I must, however decline the publication of it, not from an unwillingness to oblige my kind and partial friends; but solely from a conviction of its want of merit.

JAMES A. NEAL.

FEB. 17, 1803.

PHILADELPHIA,
FEBRUARY 19, 1803.

WE learn that Mr. WIGNELL, of the New Theatre, is confined by an indisposition produced by the following extraordinary circumstance: Having occasion to be bled, a bleeder was called in on Tuesday last, and the operation performed. On the succeeding day the orifice in his arm became painful, and exhibited symptoms of inflammation. This indication increased to an alarming degree, insomuch that we are informed, a consultation of the faculty was held last evening on the question of an amputation. We are happy, however, to state, that this has not been conceived necessary, and that Mr. Wignell was this morning in a fair way of recovery.

We trust this will act as a caution to bleeders, and to those who employ them. [*Phil. Gaz. of the 18th inst.*

TWO beds of COAL have lately been discovered on the Banks of the Raritan, New-Jersey, between New Brunswick and Amboy.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Carr, Mr. *Joseph Plumb*, to the amiable Miss *Sarah Roberts*, both of this city.

———, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Henry Helmuth, Mr. *John Beere*, to Mrs. *Catharine Lehman*, both of this city.

———, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. *Isaac Powell*, house carpenter, to the amiable Miss *Sarah Murray*, both of the Northern Liberties.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 6th inst. at Wilmington, Mrs. *Mary Burrows*, wife of Col. W. W. Burrows, aged 37 years and 6 months.

——, on the 9th inst. Mr. *William Stokes*, of this city, merchant.

——, at Brunswick, on the 10th inst. Gen. *Anthony W. White*, a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary army of the United States.

——, on the 12th inst. in the 23d year of her age, Mrs. *Elizabeth Montgomery*, wife of William Montgomery, and eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Mitchell.

——, at Elizabeth-town, on the 12th inst. in the 86th year of his age. Mr. *Matthew Green*, printer. He was a native of Great-Britain, and arrived in America in the year 1745. He is supposed to be the oldest printer in this country, having followed the business 72 years His long residence here has rendered him generally known among the professors of the Typographical art; by those of his particular acquaintance he will be much lamented. In the year 1784, Mr. Kolloch, editor of the New Jersey Journal, took him from the Poor House in New York, and has supported him ever since. He was affectionate and grateful, for the benefits he received from his Maker, thro' the agency of the family he lived in. In the year 1797, he lost the use of his legs, by which calamity he was rendered unable to walk, and had not been out of the house from that period until his demise; and in 1798 he was struck blind. His mental faculties were unimpaired, and he enjoyed a greater degree of health than is the common lot of mankind, who arrive in his advanced age.

——, on the 15th inst. of a nervous fever, Mrs. *Harriot Rhodes*, wife of Joseph Rhodes, of this city.

——, suddenly, on the 15th inst. supposed of an apoplectic fit, Mr. *Evan Evans*, Druggist, son of David Evans, of this city.

TO CORRSPONDENTS.

A Winter Song—Lines to Anna, and the remarks of our fair correspondent *Maria*, shall have a place next week.

The hint given last week by *Philadelphus*, shall be attended to.

Abberd's essay is no doubt well intended; but we must tell him in the first place, that it is not original,—and secondly, that it does not apply to the fair ladies of Philadelphia.

The editor does not know what questions an *Old Subscriber* refers to,—a variety occupies his file.

Bob Bank—or, if you please, Bob's *Bank*, contains nothing but *English coin*.

A *small tribute* of praise is due to *Rinaldo*—he is certainly correct in the *first line* of his epistle to an amiable young lady—

"Unaided by judgment, wit, fancy or genius—"

The reader will no doubt be of the same mind, when he reads—

"I take up my pen and my subject is a Venus."

Errata. In page 52, *Fragment*, 2d col. 9th l. for "sympathetic *minds*," read "sympathetic *kinds*."

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TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

While the yellow fever raged here last Fall, I spent my time on the banks of the Delaware, not far distant: where, having but little to do, and being of a contemplative turn of mind, I occasionally amused myself in various effusions of poetry and prose. From these I have selected the enclosed, for a place in your useful paper, provided you may deem it worthy of that honor. I am not unaware, that, by some, it may be thought presumption in a Tyro like me, to attempt "a measure, which (according to the British Anti-Jacobin Reviewers) is at once arduous and difficult, and in which very few have arrived at any tolerable success, except Beattie in his Minstrel, &c." But, I am confident, that, by others of your readers, the attempt will rather be thought praise-worthy, when they understand that I made it with a view to entertain a much-esteemed young female friend, not less remarkable for her piety than for her good sense, who was extremely fond of the Minstrel, which she then was reading. As the poem is too long for one paper, and must therefore be disjointed, I will thank you to insert it by parts, successively, in the manner in which it is divided: And I humbly request of those, who may honor me by a perusal, that they will suspend their judgment, until by a view of the three parts taken in connection, they may be enabled to form a fair opinion; and that, even then, their opinion, for the subject's sake at least, may be formed with candor, and with lenity. I was here going to point out how much of the allusion is founded on facts, or referable to them; but, upon a second consideration, I find that it is not necessary.

ALEXIS.

Autumn Thoughts:

OR,

THE THREE EXPERIENCES.

PART I.

DESPONDENCE;

Which may be called the Voice of *Nature*.

PART II.

CONVICTION;

Or the Voice of *Conscience*.

PART III.

ILLUMINATION;

Or the Voice of *Revelation*.

PART I.

DESPONDENCE.

'Tis nought but gloom around.

THOMSON.

For, oh! to me Futurity appears
Wrapt in a - - - - veil of glooms, and mists;
Nor seems one tint, or star,
To deck her furrow'd brow:
But slowly cross her path imperfect shapes
Of - - - - sorrow, phrenzy and despair!

MRS. ODIE.

NOW Autum closes the declining year,
And Nature hastens to a long repose:
No more, the fields and groves bright liv'ries wear;
No more, the song of joy the woodland knows:
But, on the sadden'd eye, gay prospects close,
And nought but russet scenes assail the view;
While Rural Beauty, that late smiling rose,
Array'd in charms of ev'ry pleasing hue,
Now from fond Man retires, and seems to say...Adieu!

Behold, enwrapt in melancholy thought,
Yon poor DESPONDENT solitary stray:
Painfully taught,—by sad experience taught,—
That *Human Life is but an Autumn-Day*:
Along the beach he bends his devious way,
Where, with smooth current, glides the silver stream;
And thus, responsive to the Season's lay,
In mournful numbers flows his mournful theme—
"*All is delusion here!—Our Being but a dream!*

"Adieu! ye scenes, that charm'd my youthful sight,
"In rich profusion, elegantly drest:—
"Gay harbingers of pleasure and delight,
"Whose flatt'ring promise made your vot'ry blest;
"Adieu, for ever!—Ye are like the rest
"Of all the fascinating forms below:
"Now, with sweet raptures to inspire the breast:—
"And then, with disappointment, pain and woe,
"Make the heart throb with grief,—the eyes with tears o'erflow.

"Adieu, for ever!—Time is hast'ning fast
"To close the moments of the current year:
"My destin'd space, like his, will soon be past;
"Like you, ye scenes, I soon shall disappear.
"And hark! already I the summons hear;
"It calls me, in each hollow-sounding gale,
"To the cold realms of death, Life's Winter drear,
"Peaceful to slumber in the silent vale,
"While endless ages roll,....where Night and Gloom prevail.

"Of Man,—poor, feeble, frail and mortal Man,—
"Such is the nature, state, and certain doom:
"In Life's gay Morn, to shine—in Manhood, wane—
"In Age, to drop into the mould'ring tomb!
"Nay, sometimes, in the height of youthful bloom,
"Fate lays his rising honours in the dust;
"Or, flush'd with hopes of happiness to come,
"Obscures his prospects,—disappoints his trust:—
"Thus, ev'ry sanguine wish is destin'd to be cross'd.

"For me,—I've learn'd my lesson—earn'd it hard—
"But, ah!—for bliss on earth, it comes too late;
"The price, experience; mis'ry, the reward,
"And one relentless scowl of adverse Fate.
"Down to eternal Sleep's oblivious gate,
"I feel me sinking to a calm repose;
"And soon shall I attain my peaceful state,
"And there forget the World—my Friends—and Foes—
"My *friends!*—alas! I've none—but this—Life's final close:
"Thrice welcome, long-wish'd period!—What's the world,
"To him who finds it one dull, tedious round?
"Whose thoughts are in *Despair's* wild vortex whirl'd?
"Whose "clust'ring woes," enlarging, know no bound?
"And what are all the *Friends* I ever found,
"But venal puppets, urg'd by int'rest on;
"Ephemera-like, that buzz'd a flatt'ring sound,
"When Youth's bright morning-sun around me shone?
"Now flown!——Well! be it so!—I, too, shall soon be gone."

ALEXIS.

An Apostrophe to DICK SNORE, *on the liberality he has exhibited in the defence of his friend* Sciolus.

ALAS! alas! Dick Snore,
What, could'st thou do more
Than dream a foolish dream?
Why not, if a philosopher,
Boldly the truth, *waking*, aver,
And not thus *piqued* seem.

When arguments do fail,
Thou dost thyself avail
Of means to suit thy end;
But know, deluded dreamer, know,
Such means, thy folly amply show,
And prostrate leave thy *friend*.

What! dost thou vainly think,
Thus cowardly to shrink,
From controversy fair—
Or that 'twill aid thy favor'd cause
And gain thy vanity applause;
Or make the truth appear?

Ah! no, *Dick Snorus*, no—
Truth will not have it so;
No *sullen* dreams it loves;
But gen'rous, waking thoughts alone,
Can give to *truth* its proper tone,—
And this it e'er approves.

Scurrility we know,
Oft aims a fatal blow;
But *truth* detests its aid:
The baneful shaft which envy flings,
Equipt with poison on its wings,
Truth scorns—and "who's afraid?"

* * * * * *

What, tho' a *Vulcan*, falshood dubs,
With "anvils, hammers, crowbars, tubs,"
"And every implement beside;"
Know vain conceited witling, know,
Science is free for all below,
And let this mortify thy pride.

Hence let *Bob Homespun* be thy theme,
Nor evermore attempt to dream,
As thou hast fondly dreamt before;
Nor ever hence thy dreams reveal....
Be it thy study to conceal
The monstrous folly of *Dick Snore*.

NO BLACKSMITH.